

SALEM

SALEM PEOPLE.

What They Are Doing and Where They Are Going.

ROANOKE TIMES BUREAU, HOTEL LUCERNE, SALEM, VA.
W. S. Beal, of Scottsville, Va., is in the city.

Ex-evangelist John Campbell, who has been in Bedford City for some time past, is in the city. He is editor of the Busy Bee published there.

There will be a meeting of the directors of the real estate exchange this afternoon.

Col. A. M. Bowman has gone to Monroe Red Sulphur Springs, Monroe county, W. Va.

New concrete floors are being put in the second story of the jail and other necessary repairs are being done.

J. B. Cigero, whose college name is "Mex," who has been at Roanoke College for several years, will leave for his home at Tamajico, Mexico, next week.

Col. D. C. Shanks and T. F. Barnett, traveling agents for the Middle States Loan Association, have gone to Fincastle on business.

Miss Lobin, who has recently been visiting Miss Engleby of Roanoke, is the guest of the Misses McCommon, on Pennsylvania avenue.

A stray horse was taken up on Dr. Dreher's premises yesterday and is now in the pound.

Miss Ellen Blair gave a high tea to some of her friends last night.

Edward Brand is visiting friends in Bristol, Tenn.

Prof. R. L. Holland, superintendent of schools, is fast improving.

R. Haden Penn, of Buchanan, was in Salem yesterday.

Mr. Summerville, of Weston, W. Va., yesterday bought a lot on the boulevard through J. F. Clement, and will make his home here in the future.

Charles Edward Parker and Miss Rosa Alberta Phlegar procured a marriage license from the clerk of the court Wednesday afternoon, and immediately repaired to the Huff House, where they were married by Rev. A. D. Goodwin. Mr. Parker is a farmer of this place.

Fined for Fighting.
L. J. Milan and W. J. Meares, the latter being a colored man, were before Mayor Younger yesterday charged with fighting. Milan is a contractor and employed Meares to do some brickwork for him. He told him he would pay him yesterday morning at 9 o'clock, but at that hour Milan failed to keep his promise, and after quarreling the men came to blows, and the mayor had them before him at 10 o'clock. They each paid \$7.50 fines and costs.

The Magazine Removed.

The powder magazine, a few days ago ordered removed by the Town Council from its present position on the Monticello land, is now being moved to a point three miles farther north, near the foot of the mountain. R. M. McClaugherty is superintending its removal. Twenty thousand pounds of dynamite are stored in it, and it was for this reason largely that it was ordered removed upon complaint of citizens living near.

Selling Liquor Without License.

J. B. Powell and J. T. Smith were arrested by Chief of Police Hardwicke, of Radford, yesterday, for selling liquor without license in that place some time ago. The warrants for their arrest were sworn out by Commonwealth Attorney Hampton Hoge and issued by Justice Boswell, of Radford.

LYNCHBURG DISTRICT CONFERENCE

The Opening Session to be Preached by Rev. Mr. Chandler of Bedford City.

LYNCH, July 9.—[Special]—The Lynchburg District Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, will convene at Mount Hermon Church, near here, July 14, and will remain in session about three days. The conference will be called to order at 9 o'clock a. m., by Rev. Dr. Garland, the presiding elder of the district, who will preside over its deliberations.

Delegates will be elected to the annual conference that meets in Petersburg, in November. The opening sermon will be preached by Rev. Mr. Chandler, of Bedford City, and there will be two sermons each day.

It is probable the Conference will consider the propriety of securing some permanent place for holding its annual sessions near the Peaks of Otter, or some other attractive place. If this plan is adopted cheap cottages will be erected and annual meetings will be held somewhat on the camp meeting order.

Released by the Friends.

OSKALOOSA, Iowa, July 9.—[Special]—Considerable excitement exists at Evans, five miles west of here, over the advent of colored miners to take the places of white strikers. Yesterday the constable, also a striker, attempted to arrest a colored miner, Charley Johnson, for disorderly conduct. Johnson picked up a car link and proceeded to resist the officer, inflicting a serious wound. He was arrested by others, tried and bound over to the grand jury. Johnson's friends took possession of the court and held the officers until Johnson escaped. Twenty-five or thirty shots were fired, but no one was hurt. Johnson is still at large.

The Ring in Trouble.

From the Baltimore Sun.

A sure sign that the Bardsley defalcation is seriously embarrassing the Republican ring that has ruled Philadelphia, with a few brief intervals, for so many years, is found in the fact that Joseph L. Caven, ex-president of common council, is being "talked off" among the leaders as a candidate at the next election for city treasurer.

Mr. Caven is a reformer of sturdy type, and to ring had no use for him so long as it felt itself secure. Now that there is danger of a popular upheaval, the "managers" turn to him to save them. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Caven will lend himself to their purpose.

THE TIMES desires special correspondents in every town in Southwest Virginia and the Shenandoah Valley.

ACROSS THE WAY.

Across the way there is a window lattice That peeps out shyly through the city trees, All dutt'ring with lacy curtain that is Susceptible to summer's scented breeze. And as I gazed without one morning early, And of the sunrise sweetness drank my fill, I saw, as in a mist of dew, all pearly, A yellow bowl of daisies on the sill.

I pictured to myself my pretty neighbor Who placed with gentle hands the flowers there. Who smoothed each stem in shape with loving labor, To flourish in the balmy morning air.

I wondered was she small, or tall, or slender, And did she boast of brown or golden curls; Her heart, I knew, was kind, and good, and tender, A queen of all the daisy wreaths of girls.

I fancied her sweet face within a bonnet, Dressed her in dainty muslin gown of white, With sprigs of lilac scattered all upon it, And knots upon her breast of ribbon bright. "Her eyes," I thought, "are like the sky above me;

Her voice just like a rippling summer rill; How nice 'twould be if she would learn to love me, Just as she does the daisies on the sill."

Just then the lacy-ribbed curtain parted, And Jones—you know him—forty if a day—Looked out and grinned, while I smiled back half-hearted.

To think 'twas Jones who lived across the way, To make my vision bright so sad and solemn, And all my mellow morning dream to kill—A man who writes jokes at so much a column. Who'd think that he'd have daisies on the sill!

—Kate Masterson, in N. Y. Weekly.

HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

Fritz, the Faithless Fanny and the Handsome Widow.

(Translated from the German for This Paper, by Alex. L. Sweet.)

HEY were a young couple of lovers.

She was pretty and a cook.

He was not particularly handsome and was employed in a button factory.

Her name was Fanny. His name was Fritz.

They had saved up some money, with which they expected to go to house-keeping. They were happy,

but unfortunately a dark cloud arose over their matrimonial horizon. They quarrelled violently. It was like the explosion of a bombshell. The bomb was a rival for the hand of Fanny. He was a military gentleman, being an artillery soldier, whose acquaintance Fanny had made at a ball. His marked attentions to Fritz's prospective bride were so cordially reciprocated that Fritz became the victim of the "green-eyed monster." By the way, the scene of this little drama is laid in the imperial city of Vienna in Austria.

Being of a despondent nature, Fritz resolved to commit suicide. By this means he thought he would be relieved of all his troubles, and at the same time faithful Fanny would be overwhelmed with remorse. Before performing the rash act, he mailed her the following letter:

"DEAR FANNY:—Yes, faithful creature, you have killed me, and I am going to hang myself unless I change my mind and commit suicide in the Danube. When you read these lines I will be a corpse. May you live to regret your conduct. Your true friend, Fritz."

The next thing for Fritz to do was to carry out his rash purpose. He strolled along the principal street in the direction of the beautiful "Blue Danube." The houses and people looked as usual, and nobody paid any attention to him. "Ah!" he said to himself, "if you people only knew what I know, how you would stare at me!"

At last he reached the bank of the river. He dipped his finger into the water and found it quite cold. He shivered, and soliloquized: "It's too cold, altogether. I expect I had better try hanging. Besides, it occurs to me that I can swim."

Sitting in a dangerous position on the end of the pier was a boy fishing. Fritz called out to him: "You stupid boy, don't you know the fish won't bite there where the steamboats are always passing? Hey, there!"

The startled boy turned his head, lost his balance, and with a loud cry fell into the water. In an instant

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Another philanthropist insisted that the boy should be killed. In the meantime the boy revived, and was recognized as Tommy Schmidt, the son of a woman living in the neighborhood, to whose house rescuer and rescued were conducted in triumph. When Mrs. Schmidt had recovered from the excitement incident to the narrow escape of her beloved Tommy, and was introduced to his shivering rescuer, they simultaneously recoiled in amazement.

"Fritz, is it possible it is you?" "Louisa, do my eyes deceive me?"

Some years previous Louisa and Fritz had been good friends, such good friends, in fact, that Fritz felt sufficiently emboldened to propose, but Louisa refused to give him any encouragement, and subsequently she married a Mr. Schmidt, who died. There was no time for explanations until Fritz had removed his dripping garments, and there being no other male attire in the widow's possession he was obliged to don a dress of his impromptu hostess while his own raiment was being dried by the fire.

"You would make a remarkably fine-looking woman if it were not for your mustache," said Mrs. Schmidt to her former sweetheart as they sat by the glowing fire and partook of a pot of hot tea she had prepared.

"Where is your husband?" asked Fritz, taking a large mouthful of hot tea. "Husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Schmidt, "he died last year."

"O, he did, eh? I never heard of it. Then—er—then you are a widow?" said Fritz, with a smile.

Mrs. Schmidt, who by the way, was not bad looking, rubbed her eyes with the corner of her handkerchief, and confirmed Fritz's supposition that she was a widow. She also intimated very delicately that she regretted having shown Fritz so little consideration when he became a suitor for her hand.

All at once it occurred to Fritz that he had neglected to carry out his intention of committing suicide. He said he must be going, but the widow restrained him. She reminded him that his own clothing was still damp, and as for his going on the street after dark in female attire exposed to the rudeness of men, that was out of the question.

"What did your husband die of?" asked Fritz.

"He was a man of dissipated habits and he hung himself," said the widow, heaving a sigh. She proceeded to give the details of the sad affair, which

caused Fritz's blood to run cold. She also informed him that since the death of her worthless husband her worldly affairs had prospered. A maternal uncle had died leaving her a boarding house, which business she was now carrying on, although it was not to her liking, as there ought to be a man about the house. The last remark was made with downcast eyes and averted face.

To be the proprietor of a boarding house had been the ambition of Fritz's life. His clothes were now dry, and, having put them on, he took leave of the overjoyed widow, promising to call again.

The rest can be readily imagined. About six weeks afterwards the fickle creature who had almost driven him to suicide received the following note:

"DEAR FANNY: If you think I am a corpse you are very badly fooled. The water was too cold. I want you to know that I have married a handsome widow with a boarding house. I am much obliged to that soldier friend of yours, and I hope you will be as happy as

"Your own true Fritz."

Anchors Under the Microscope.

Here is a curious bit of something closely studied with tiny anchors. As anchors are mainly useful in water, of what value can these miniature ones be? We are looking at a bit of the skin of the sea-cucumber (Synapta girardii). In shape this animal is more like a worm than like anything else, and it moves from place to place by means of suckers. When it wishes to remain quiet, the anchors, which have been closed over perforated, chalky plates, are extended outward from the body, and fasten the little creature securely to the sand or mud. The sea-cucumbers found on our coasts are small, seldom over four inches in length, though larger kinds abound in the Bay of Fundy, and upon the mud-flats of Florida. The Chinese call a larger species "tre-pang," and when dried and preserved in a particular way it is considered a great delicacy. When I look at this slide I wonder if man first got his idea of an anchor from this little creature. Yet anchors were in use long before microscopes, and the little anchors are much too small to be seen by the unaided eye.—St. Nicholas.

Masculine Intuition.

Mr. Simkins—Our new neighbor, Mrs. Lamkins, is not a very neat house-keeper, is she?

Mrs. Simkins—Indeed she isn't. She lets things lay around every which way. How do you know?

Mr. Simkins—Oh, her husband looks so jolly.—N. Y. Weekly.

Full of Alarms.

Frank—Blanche seems awfully shy. What do you suppose makes her so timid?

May—She's probably afraid you're not going to propose.—Munsey's Weekly.

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